To the WORSHIPFUL

THOMAS JOHNSON, Esq. MAYOR,
The Aldermen, Bailiffs, Burgesses,

And the Rest of the Worthy Inhabitants

of the Town of NORTHAMPTON,

This yearly BILL of MORTALITY is presented,

By their most obedient humble Servant,

SAMUEL WRIGHT.

The BILL of MORTALITY within the Parish of ALL-SAINTS, from the 21st of *December*, 1799, to the 21st of *December*, 1800; including Persons (in Number 9) buried at the Meeting in *College-Lane*; at the Chapel in *King's Head Lane*, 0; and at the Quakers' Burying Ground, 0.

DISEASES in the Parish of *All-Saints*.

Accidental - -	1	Drowned -	1	Insane - -	1	Suddenly - -	1
Aged - -	8	Fevers - -	10	Intoxication -	1	Teeth - -	1
Child-Bed -	1	Fits - -	3	Mortification -	1	Thrush - -	1
Consumptions -	25	Gravel - -	1	Palsy -	1	Venereal -	1
Convulsion -	1	Inflammation -	2	Small-Pox -	16		

WHEREOF HAVE DIED,

Under Two Years old	21	Ten and Twenty -	3	Forty and Fifty -	10	Seventy and Eighty -	4
Between Two and Five	5	Twenty and Thirty -	8	Fifty and Sixty -	6	Eighty and Ninety -	4
Five and Ten	5	Thirty and Forty -	4	Sixty and Seventy -	7	Ninety and Hundred	0

	CHRISTENED.			BURIED.		
	Males	Females	*Total.*	Males	Females	*Total.*
ALL-SAINTS. - -	36	41	77	41	36	77
St. SEPULCHRE'S.	21	17	38	35	21	56
St. GILES'S. - -	12	15	27	15	26	41
St. PETER'S. - -	3	4	7	7	9	16
In the whole Town.	72	77	149	98	92	190
Baptized at the Meeting in ST. PETER'S Parish, 16—Buried, 1.	Decreased - - 42			Increased - 19		

"That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." I. Cor. 15. v. 36.

How wonderful is Nature's Pow'r!
The Seed to Earth we yield
Arises soon a blooming Flow'r,
And ornaments the Field.

The Sun, that gives its Beauty birth
With penetrating Ray,
Pervades the Darkness of the Earth,
And brings it into Day:

So does the Sun of Glory shine
On those in Faith who lie;
Illumes the Grave with light divine
Of such as live to die;

For they, like Seed, to Mould consign'd
With Glory cloth'd arise;
But not like that below confin'd,
They flourish in the Skies:

Thus did the God of Nature deign
To lie within the Tomb;
Submit, for our eternal Gain
To Death's terrific Gloom:

Soon did the everlasting King
In glorious Pomp ascend:
May we his Praise with Angels sing!
With them his Courts attend!

Those who with anxious Look survey
The Produce of their Seed,
With Eagerness will cast away
The unproductive Weed:

In Sin determin'd can we think
To gain a happier State,
When spent a worthless life we sink
To meet our certain Fate!

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